

THE JASPER NEWS

ROLAND B. GRIFFITH, Editor.

JASPER, MISSOURI

The Goat and Tuberculosis.

Nothing in the history of science is more instructive, according to the experts who prepared the recent report of the British commission on tuberculosis, than the vast difficulties experienced in propagating the use of the milk of the goat, says Current Literature. Physicians of the highest eminence have affirmed that in the milk of the goat nature provides the best possible solution of the problem of tuberculosis. In saying that the goat is not subject to tuberculosis, Dr. Finley Bell, of the New York Academy of Medicine, is in agreement with Sir William Broadbent. He is also supported by the evidence of leading English goatkeepers, of every publication concerning goats and of the distinguished Prof. Nocard, who stated recently that of the 130,000 goats and kids brought to Paris for slaughter every spring the meat inspectors had failed to find a single case of tuberculosis. Nevertheless, with the exception of the members of the British aristocracy, very few Anglo-Saxons have profited by the lesson of these truths. Those scientists who go so far as to defy any authority to produce a single case of tuberculosis among a population using goat's milk to the exclusion of cow's milk, receive very little attention. The circumstance seems all the more surprising in view of what the investigators on the British commission call the superior richness and flavor of the milk of the goat to that of the cow.

As the Argentine farmer either is watching his tender wheat crop come to the front after a hard winter and is wondering whether the green bug, the cutworm, the rust or some other pest will lay it low, or else has sold last year's crop long ago and has the money in his pocket, we do not see that he cuts much ice in the speculative world at this moment, although for convenience prices are supposed to hinge on the success or failure of the grain in his fields. While we are just banking up our houses and blanking the coal man the Argentine farmer's fields are awakening to life with the breath of spring and the mud is something scandalous in the river bottoms. To hear some of our speculative geniuses on the board of trade talk one might think that the Argentine agriculturist could touch a button and produce a crop when he desired, but he cannot. He must wait on the seasons the same as the rest of us.

Four hundred and fifty years before Christ, Herodotus mentioned and described a disease which has haunted the Mediterranean basin ever since. It has been called Mediterranean, Malta, Cyprus, Cretan, Neapolitan, intermittent, and other kinds of fever; and the cause of it, a minute organism, was identified more than 20 years ago. Now a commission of physicians has discovered that about half of the 20,000 goats on the island of Malta are afflicted with the disease, and spread it through organisms which pass in the milk. A discontinuance of the use of goats' milk by the British soldiers and sailors on Malta has reduced the number of sufferers from this disease by nine-tenths. Another practical result from patient scientific investigation.

Emperor William of Germany explained to the Westphalians the other day his method of overcoming anger. He was speaking of those who have humiliated him, and said that when he found that he was losing his temper, he reminded himself that "They are all men, as I am, and although they humiliate me, they have souls illuminated by heaven, whither we shall all some day return, and in their souls there is a portion of the Creator." In conclusion, he remarked that whoever thinks thus will always judge his fellow men charitably. The emperor has evidently read with some profit the statement about the comparative greatness of those who take titles and those who rule their spirit.

Inasmuch as the queen of Belgium wants to sell the diadem presented her by the people of Belgium, and the city of Brussels declines to take it at cost price on the ground that it is "not sufficiently valuable as a work of art to render its detention in the country desirable," the donors would probably be glad to have some American millionaire "save their face" by coming forward and purchasing the present as a souvenir.

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SINGLE CYLINDERS.

By Helena Smith Dayton.
Pictures by Angie Breakspear.

"Listen to this," said Tilly Googan, as the Googans briskly ran through the morning's mail. "If that odious Mr. Hastings—"

"He shall pay every penny of that repair bill, or—" cut in Lilly.

"It's not about the repair bill," interrupted Tilly. "It's merely an offer of marriage. He declares I am the only person who can manage his foreign car to suit him—"

"More of an argument than some of our candidates can scare up," remarked Lilly cheerfully.

"It's horribly bad form to delay puncturing pneumotrimony hopes," re-

exploding fairy," feared Lilly. "No one dared. I was merely demonstrating how perplexing we are."

"Why won't people believe we are serious in our intention to remain single cylinders?" sighed Tilly.

"And that no one on earth can break the set!" added Lilly.

"Were perfectly capable of driving our own motors!" declared Tilly, with an independent toss of the head.

"And we can buy our own gasolens," boasted Lilly.

"At least I wouldn't give up my freedom and work for a mere man," stated Tilly arrogantly.

"Do you imagine that I would, Miss Googan?" demanded Lilly.

"I hope not," sighed Tilly gently.

"It would be lonely for me if you did."

"Indeed? Well, I'll reject every offer I have on file this instant!" flared Lilly, and soon her flying pen was all that broke the silence of the studio. Tilly followed her example, and it was some time before the Googans faced each other again.

"I've settled Jim for the sixteenth time," began Lilly, "as follows:

"Dear Jim: I can't save you from the bachelor tax, but I'm perfectly willing to pay it every time it comes due. Don't mention it. Cordially yours.—Lil."

"Neat," admired Tilly laconically. "Like to hear what I've said to that novelist whom I tutored in motor dialect? His book has made such a hit he has proposed out of sheer gratitude. Nice of him. But how's this?"

"My Dear Mr. Bestseller: Your contribution was read with much interest, but we regret to say the man—uscript was not exactly suited to our requirements, though rejection is no reflection on merit. We cannot return your affections—as you neglected to send postage. Thanking you for your courtesy in submitting your romance for our consideration, we are, Yours very truly,—Tilly Googan."

"To an automobile dealer who doesn't know where a business deal



Some Proposals Were Filed Others Went into the Waste Baskets.

proved Tilly. "Though I'm behind in my rejections myself!"

"Then let us pass around the tacks immediately," advised Lilly. "By the way, has Mr. Swift asked you to marry him this week? I haven't heard from him in several days."

"He's out of town," explained Tilly. "It's hardly flattering to have him



The Googans, Who Liked Everything to Match, Scorned Men Who Didn't Come in Sets.

willing to take either of us. Even if we are alike—"

"Yes," agreed Lilly. "It is a bore to have a man declare that you are the only girl in the world for him and then when he glances across the room to have him say: 'Oh, by Jove, maybe that's the girl I mean, over there! Are you the one I kissed last Sunday evening—'"

"Lilly Googan!" shrieked Tilly. "I never kissed anyone last Sunday evening nor any other Sunday evening. Who dared—"

"Now don't go up in the air like an

ends and a heart interest begins, I have written this," laughed Lilly.

"Dear Mr. Deal: I cannot sign a contract, as I'm not in the market to consider your proposition. I am aware that you are the latest and most approved model of what a husband should be, and that you offer an elegantly equipped limousine instead of page written that I just saw you slip under the blotter?" sternly demanded Lilly, whose eye was as quick as Tilly's sly little action.

"Why—no one," denied Tilly. "Simply a sheet I spoiled."

"H-m," sniffed Lilly suspiciously. "In that case it would have gone into the waste basket."

As she spoke, Tilly drew forth the square of linen from its hiding place and tore it into several pieces, tossing it into the basket.

"I thought so," commented Lilly, with jealous bitterness. "But pray don't hesitate to accept the fortunate gentleman on my account. I can live love in a democrat wagon! Still—I pass everything on the road on the third speed. Though I cannot accompany you, I wish you a record run and trust you'll find a more promising prospect than, Your's in life's hill-climbing contest.—Lilly Googan."

"Let's him down easy," commented Tilly, absently.

"Tilly Googan! To whom is that alone—and die an old maid. Take him by all means—I'll no doubt survive. I wouldn't be so selfish as to ask you to remain single on my account. I—"

The telephone cut in at this point and Tilly hastened to answer it. "Oh—Miss Lilly Googan?—Yes, she's right here. Who shall I tell her is talking?—No name?—Oh, very well!" Tilly passed the receiver over to Lilly with a grim expression.

"Hello," said Lilly, indifferently. "Who is it? O-h-h-h! Why—the very idea! I never was so surprised in my life! Of course I'm pleased—but I supposed you were at the other end of the world! Of course I am—only I'm awfully surprised. One is always delighted to see an old friend.—Oh, you mustn't say that.—Oh-h-h!—Yes, certainly.—You are? Oh, isn't that too bad?—I'm sorry.—Yes, I am—"

Certainly.—Yes, at five o'clock.—All right.—Good-by!"

Lilly's face resembled the rose when she hung up the receiver. She avoided Tilly's searching eyes altogether.

"I haven't the slightest idea who your friend may be," said Tilly, sarcastically, "but he evidently isn't on file—or in the waste basket!"

"Oh, Tilly—it's—it's—well, anyway he's only going through and can call only for a few moments at five o'clock—and he's come from some awfully outlandish place I've never even heard



"Isn't It Jolly That We've Decided to Remain Single Cylinders?" Agreed the Googans.

of—and is on his way to another, and—"

"I know, dear," said Tilly, putting her arm around Lilly. "I'm sorry I won't be able to see him, because I've an engagement at 4:30. Is there a new war somewhere? I wonder what a war correspondent would do if universal peace were declared. Well—give him my best wishes that it's a merry war and make business good for him. And say, Lil, that letter I just tore up—"

"Yes?" encouraged Lilly.

"Was an 'imaginary reply to a letter I have never received!' sighed Tilly.

"It's fortunate we have both decided to remain single cylinders," cooed Lilly, cheerfully.

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THE BUSINESS TONGUE.

Two-Thirds of World's Correspondence in Our Language.

Two-thirds of all the letters which pass through the post offices of the world are written by and sent to people who speak English. There are substantially 500,000,000 persons speaking colloquially one or another of the ten or 12 chief languages, and of these, about 25 per cent., or 125,000,000 persons, speak English. About 90,000,000 speak Russian, 75,000,000 German; 55,000,000 French; 45,000,000 Spanish; 35,000,000 Italian and 12,000,000 Portuguese; and the balance Hungarian, Dutch, Flemish, Danish, Polish and Norwegian.

Thus, while only one-quarter of those who employ the facilities of the postal departments of civilized governments speak English as their native tongue, two-thirds of those who correspond do so in the English language. This situation arises from the fact that so large a share of the commercial business of the world is done in English, even among those who do not speak English as their native tongue. There are, for instance, more than 20,000 post offices in India, the business of which in letters and papers aggregate more than 300,000,000 parcels a year, and the business of these offices is done chiefly in English, though of India's total population, which is nearly 300,000,000 fewer than 300,000 persons either speak or understand English.

Though 90,000,000 speak Russian and understand it, the business of the Russian post office department is relatively small, for the number of letters sent throughout the czar's empire amount to less than one-tenth the number mailed in Great Britain alone, though the population of Great Britain is considerably less than one-half of the population of Russia in Europe.

The South or Central American countries in which either Spanish or Portuguese is spoken do comparatively little post office business, the total number of letters posted and collected in a year in all the countries of South and Central American countries in which any important postal business is done, and most of the letters received from or sent to foreign countries are not in Spanish, but in English, German and Italian.

Clever Move.

The British navy is to use subtlety in promoting the cause of temperance. Hitherto the names of totalitarians have been marked with a distinguishing letter in the ship's books, to separate them like white blackbirds. Hereafter it is to be the users of grog who are to be marked, and the abstinent that is to be taken for the normal thing.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

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SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
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WHEN MONEY WAS SCARCE.

Practically Unobtainable During Period of Missouri's History.

"However scarce money may be at times at the present," said an old Missourian, "the oldest inhabitants will recall when it was almost unobtainable and other commodities had to be used as media of exchange. The wolf's scalp was worth a dollar because it was a state bounty upon the death of a wolf, and venison hams and deer skins also had a purchasing value. Skins of the fur bearers were likewise abundant and valuable. When the first sheriff of Audrain county, in 1837, went to Jefferson City to deliver the county revenue, he met an old friend on the way who, needing money, wanted to borrow the actual coin part of the county's revenue. The good-hearted sheriff lent it to him and went on to the capital and delivered only the scalps. By the time of the next settlement the loan was repaid and the sheriff made his next settlement complete. No note or other obligation than the mere word was given."—Columbia Herald.

Mexico's Indian Women.

The beauty of Indian women is one of the charms of Mexico. In the capital, where the Indian has degenerated through poverty and menial service it is less to be remarked than in the smaller towns and in the country. But the beautiful faces one takes in memory away from Mexico are those of Indian women. Fine eyes are universal, and, what one hardly expects, the features, according to Caucasian standards—broad brows, straight noses, well-formed mouths and chins full but not gross or heavy. The expression is very generally intelligent, and often one is struck, both in Indian men and women, with the nobility and refinement of the countenance. One frequently sees types among the peons that seem to belong to some, highly civilized ancient caste—an Egyptian priest of royal blood, a Roman centurion, an Aztec emperor. The women are gently lovely where they are beautiful, and the men at their best in carriage, in manners and in countenance are strikingly like the very advanced product of civilization.—Modern Mexico.

A Walking Map.

"The maps we have been giving as premiums to subscribers caused a little temporary excitement in our office the other day," says the editor of the Adams Enterprise. "Ben Spudge called and casually remarked in the presence of seven intending subscribers that the said maps weren't worth the paper they were printed on. As this observation caused the seven intending ones to keep their cash in their pockets we proceeded to make a map of Ben's countenance, and we succeeded so well that he is now the best walking advertisement our map industry ever had. Call again, Ben, old boy!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Enthusiastic Amateur Sailor—Let go that jib sheet! Unenthusiastic "Landlubber" (who has been decoyed into acting crew)—I'm not touching the beastly thing!—Punch.

PLEASANT SUMMER.

Right Food the Cause.

A Wis. woman says:

"I was run down and weak, troubled with nervousness and headache for the last six years. The least excitement would make me nervous and cause severe headache."

"This summer I have been eating Grape-Nuts regularly and feel better than for the six past years. I am not troubled with headache and nervousness, and weigh more than I ever have before in my life. I gained 5 lbs. in one week."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."